but transfigures the groping seeker into
the sure seer of divine wisdom
namely, yonder tower, with midday
radiance at the top but dar]
shade at the base, is a graphic symbol of
man's life which rooted h
the earth, but reared into the heaven, must
and cannot but be i
composite of mundane clay and celestial
ray. With whatever analogu<
invested, in the struggle to convey the
inconveyable, the truth at th<
core is that the human soul is a way-farer
through the world and ha;
to ascend from darkness into light;
tamasomajyotUrgamaya as th<
Upanishads say. " The dust that I was. He
has moulded into man,'
says an Urudu poet. And man's high
destiny is to emerge into ar
angel—a being composed of undimmed
light. During this emergence,
the soul's eye has to be trained to fix a
steady glance, through the
enveloping gloom, at the central gleam of
guidance in every path
Hence across the path of man lies the
shadow which the great Sun oi
Wisdom casts thereon. It is dark below,
even because there is light
above. What is Providence but the peep of
purpose through the
cloud of chance ? Darkness is a foil of
Light. Trust is the soul's vigil
for the coming matins.
(< That is the story rendered in beautiful
verse by Whittier, one
of the most inspired poets of America. As
we intently ponder it and
prayerfully receive its message, do we not
feel that we are, one and
all, exalted as His beloved children into the
very bosom of the Holy
One ? Of the many priceless truths in this

poem, there is one which is
a most inspiring exemplification, in plain
homely form, of the reality,
the immediacy, the blessedness of our
relation to God. As the body
is endowed with two arms, so is the spirit
too, gifted with two arms.
With one arm. Humility, we take hold upon
His dear Humanity;
with the other arm. Love, we clasp His
Divinity. Then what is
human spirit but the casket, the treasure-
trove of the whole wealth
of truth contained in Humanity and
Divinity."
(t After all what constitutes the process of
life may be summed
up in one word : the manward descent of
God and the God-ward
ascent of man—humanity sanctified even
through the indwelling
spirit of God. *Isavasyamldamsarvam.* This
descent *[Avatar ana]* of
Divinity into Humanity with the return
ascent, — this circle of
spiritual current,[4] transmuting and
transfiguring Humanity into the
mirror, the image of Divinity—this sublime
truth it is that is
implied in Tennyson's profound
declaration. <(On God and God-like
men, we build our hopes/* Again let us
think of Humility and Love
as the two arms with which man is to work
out his eternal destiny
•—that Humility which is forward to do
good but shrinks to see